1. What meane you ſir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was ſometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his ſake, I wiſh the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then reſt your debter.

1. VVhy, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile ſhew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made vp this garment through the rough ſeames of the waters: there are certain condolements, certaine vailes; I hope ſir, if you thriue, you'l remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And ſpight of all the rupture of the ſea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my ſelfe.
Vpon a Courſer, whoſe delight ſteps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to ſee him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Baſes.

2. Wee'l ſure prouide, thou ſhalt haue
My beſt gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my ſelfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile riſe, or elſe adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaiſa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and ſtay your comming,
To preſent themſelues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whoſe birth, theſe triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

For men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaſeth you (my royall father) to expreſſe
My commendations great, whoſe merits leſſe.

King. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it ſelfe:
As Iewels loſe their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not reſpected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preſerue mine honour, Ile performe.

The firſt Knight paſſes by.

King. VVho is the firſt, that doth preferre himſelfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his ſhield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne;
The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The ſecond Knight.

VVho is the ſecond, that preſents himſelfe?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spaniſh. *Pue Per doleera kee per forſa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thal. The third of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chiualry: the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. VVhat is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpſide downe;
The word; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. VVhich ſhewes that beauty hath his power and wi
VVhich can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thal. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-ſtone tride: